THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

SONG AND SORROW.

"The Melancholy Days Have Come."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. L. W.

Touch my harp, oh! Muse of Sorrow!
Softly touch its broken string;
Now thy mournful lay I would borrow,
Ere our spring-bird's drooping wing.

Sparrow-sighing, round me hover,
Ye that gleaned my harvest-sigh!
Like the lute of Sappho's lover,
Breathe the language of farewell!

Winter has fled the summer's dreaming;
Where the bird and humming bee—
Where the dew-drop, sparkling, gleaming,
Sun-lit diamonds on the tree?

Where the spirit-breathing zephyr,
Playing on the rosebud's lip—
Where has fled the amber-mistress
When the bees in honey sip?

Spirit-sighing, round me hover,
Ye that gleaned my harvest-sigh!
Like the lute of Sappho's lover,
Breathe the language of farewell!

Tune them in their lowly dwelling,
Far away from every ear,
Hear them there their sorrows telling,
Never here again to roam.

Leaves are falling, and the wailing,
Dropping in the hollow's low;
Birds have fled, and grave are calling
For their kindred all to go!

Gone is every fragrant blossom,
Perished is the summer's bloom;
Dusty pale is Nature's bosom,
Dusty pale the noon-tide sun.

Thus are passing, gone are leaving
Those we prize and fondly love,
Sadly now their memory grieving,
Yet with joy I look above!

With the summer, soft and softly,
Fled her spirit in the skies!
Young and lovely as the lily,
Serenely blooming ere it dies!

Now the willow bending, sighing!
Hear I not her spirit there?
Weeping, mourning! and, yet lightly,
Is the breathing of thy lyre!

Original Tales.

THE YOUNG SCULPTOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CAROLINE ORNE.

The lights that gleamed from the houses and palaces of Rome had one by one disappeared, and now except where the midnight watcher sat by the pillow of the sick, only one solitary lamp continued to burn. This was in one of the numberless of an old weather-stained building, on the eastern bank of the Tiber, and by the wavering and uncertain glimmer which it cast upon the dark waters the faint blaze was evidently swayed by the gently night wind that was stirring, for the moon broken and wild-looking clouds across the sky. But the rays of the lamp, feeble and flickering as they were, suffused through the whole interior of a large, comfortless-looking apartment, which exhibited evidence that it was occupied not for a sculptor's studio, though there was an abortive air of his rather materials that bespoke to his art. Besides a few antique casts and plasters, and a few pieces of models in clay, but except a female bust, there was not a single figure in bronze or marble. The models in clay all of them in a greater or less degree, showed that they had been moulded by the hand of genius. One, the statue of a Venus, possessed a union of delicacy and strength, and a beauty of form in the higher walks of art.

The occupant of the chamber was Jean de Boulogne, a young Frenchman, who had for some time been a disciple of Buonarotti. His face was pale and haggard, exhibiting signs of severe privation and confirmed watching, while his large, wistful-blue eyes seemed an insufficient protection against the piercing cold which seemed to penetrate to his very bones. He had, for more than an hour, been sitting, leaning his head upon his hand as immovable as the figure of clay that surmounted it. At last he raised his head, and his eyes fell on the Venus, which, supported by frame-work, stood opposite where he sat. As he gazed on it, a pleasant beauty and grace, and the lovely features which seemed by their expression as if it understood his thoughts his countenance became lighted with a glow of almost rapturous pleasure. It immediately vanished, however, and was succeeded by looks of deep and intense anxiety.

Yes, said he, unconsciously giving utterance to his thoughts, "the hour has arrived, I will no longer grapple with the stern hand of poverty. Yet, and his eye for a moment brightened, "if I could obtain gold to purchase one single block of marble, so that my Venus could be wrought from a mate rial that would bear exhibiting to the public I might win fame and honor."

His thoughts for the hundredth time turned out and wrought every possible chance of obtaining the coveted treasure.

It is of no use, said he, his countenance sinking back into its former melancholy—I must return to France and labor for bread, or perish with hunger. My name can never be echoed by the voice of fame, and I can never, I fear, carry this with me, said he, rising and approaching the bust, which was of the most ravishing beauty, "and yet," said he, never possess the power to make me part with this.

And if there were ever any instance that possessed the spell to make any one instantly it must have been these. In contour, they were of the true Grecian type, and a life seemed kindling in the delicate temples and dilating a flame and a glow of voluptuous over the countenance, such as the Fornarina, Rome, at the moment, a sharp clash or sounds broke on her ear, and then a cry of some person in terror or distress, scarcely a minute had intervened, when he perceived through the gloom a female running rapidly in the direction towards him. He has turned to meet her, and overcome by fear and exertion, she would have fallen to the ground had he not caught her in his arms. A light from a window near at hand, revealed the pale and lovely features of Venus.

"Save me, benefactor—protect me," said she.

Fear not, he replied, "no evil shall befall you."

The person who had caused her alarm by continuing to retain a distance on the street, now sat approaching the spot where she and the young sculptor stood.

"Are you well?" said he, "whom you would wish to be conducted?"

"I would my home," she replied, and indicating the direction, she changed her tone, and with her hand, she added, "it is at no great distance."

Her agitation had not yet so far subsided as to enable her to decline his assistance, and he almost bore her in his arms along the dimly lighted street. They soon arrived before a large and splendid mansion which Julia said was her home.

"Will you go in, Signor?" said she. "My mother, the Countess Faustina, will be glad of the opportunity to thank you for the timely protection you have rendered me."

As may be imagined, he readily assented, and following a servant who had opened the door, they were ushered into a superb apartment, adorned with paintings from the pencils of the first masters, and a number of finely executed busts of Julia's approached her mother, who was reclining on a couch covered with crimson velvet, and in a few words gave her to understand that she had been rescued alarmed, and that the gentleman present had protected her.

A cloud for a moment settled upon the brow of the countess, as she turned her eyes with a scrutinizing look to the sculptor, but immediately after wards she rose and welcomed him, saying that she, as well as her niece, was greatly indebted to him. She then requested him to be seated.

"But where," said she, turning to Julia, "was Ludovico, that he could not protect you?"

He was coming to him that all happened, replied Julia. "We met Signor Rosa, followed by two servants, one of whom accidentally recited my servant. Manetto, as he passed him, Ludovico immediately dealt the servant a severe blow. After this the contest well set in what happened. I saw both Signor Rosa and Ludovico draw their swords, and loud threats and curses uttered between them. I attempted to escape, but was overtaken with fear. I lost my strength falling me, and should have been unable to reach home had not this gentleman assisted me."

"Ludovico is much too rash," replied the countess. "I shall not permit you to walk out with him upon all his single errands."

Many thanks, dear aunt, said Julia, "as without your interference, which will shield me from the anger of my guardian, I should continue to refuse him."

Julia had scarcely finished speaking, when hasty footsteps were heard on the passage, and the next moment the door was unceremoniously thrown open, and a young man entered with a martial dress, whose carriage denoted flurry and agitation. His figure was remarkably fine, which was displayed to good advantage by his undress costume, which consisted of a jacket slashed with silver, and hose of the same dark hue. His features were not strictly handsome, yet there was a peculiar expression in his countenance, that might have served as a warning to those so situated as to be intimately acquainted with him, not to trifle with his feelings. His nose, that almost said in brightness with a ruby ring that he wore on his finger, marked the lack of his white, patrician hand.

"I hope you are not hurt?" said Julia, with a manner perfectly changed from her former warmth and vivacity.

"No, thanks to my good repute," he replied, "the blood that stains my hand is not mine, but Signor Rosa's."

"Is he badly wounded?" enquired Julia.

Afraid of his life indeed, "you have little reason to regret it. The beauty of one which heretofore has been no more thought of than the veriest fool that ever crossed the Tiber, and which Signor Rosa has been wounded by one who fought for her, he the theme of every tongue.

"You make a slight mistake," said Julia, in a tone of sarcasm, as bitter as could possibly flow from such lovely lips, "you are in the dark as to facts, not mine, that you fought and that with such fury and such contempt for my safety, that I came near being trodden under foot.

"But was incensed I dare say, by his noble Signor," said he, bowing to Jean with an air of mock respect, "that you should have made the voice his ear, and the countess and Julia look that he fastened upon him.

Jean, far from answering beneath the searching glance with which Ludovico evidently intended to overwhelm him, bore it with dignity and returned it with a look equally haughty. "Come Ludovico," said the Countess, "if you thought proper to chastise this gentleman, I have no doubt that you as my master, you are entitled to my own and Julia's thanks while this young gentleman will forget your rash conduct, and forgiving it, will extend to you his reply to this clever jest. "Je beau de Boulogne."

As I was saying," resumed the Countess, Messire de Boulogne is entitled to the thanks of all three of us, and I hope he will graciously accept the offered Julia, at a time when you were unable to offer it yourself.

"He certainly has more," said Ludovico with a sneer, "than enough to supply a moment that succeeded with the more rather than the words, when a servant entered with fruit and wine which had been ordered by the Countess. During the slight movement this occasioned, Julia managed so as to pass close to Jean and while her eyes were fixed on a curtained door, she made use of a piece of paper into her hand, saying as she did so, that she found it fastened beneath the orders which she had given to the servant. Jean received the billet, while his, for to the right, would the Danube, through a plain dotted with villages and woods.

The third day we came to an inn called Melk, a little city built under the edge of a steep hill, on whose summit stands the palace like abbey of the Benedictine Monks. Near the city stand two gigantic towers which Napoleon erected after the battle of Wagram. But these towers must have had a merry time of it at that time, for the miserable of the inn furnished the French army with no measures for the quality of food received and belonging, and the cook's chamber—usual one—is rare—often tackled phrases of which nothing could be made out between, in passing down the street. Jean was being scarcely touched by the low. Julia and the servant who was accustomed to prompt about, was now already gone. He was returned, and he was followed by a servant who called and bade Jean to follow him. He was conducted to the Count, and without the ceremony of entering his sleeping chamber, which he found in an adjoining room. The latter was sitting on a sofa in his dressing-gown, and his slippers were on his feet.

"I have just come into possession of some information," said he, "which concerns you, and which you have told me. Shall I be favored with the name of one who appears to be interested in my fate?"

"My name," replied the artist, "is Jean de Boulogne."

The Count started. His first thought was to accuse him of having given him false information, but the paper in his hand, mutilated and disordered as it was, corroborated the truth of his statement. He reflected a few moments and then said, "I am greatly befallen to you, young man, and you have won hear from me again, when I will give you more substantial proof of the obligation which I feel. I shall take measures to defeat the operation of those, who seem so kindly bent on removing me from the cares and troubles of this life.

The artist soon departed, happy to having given information to one who had been his enemy, without any cause, and who seemed to be his friend, though, as yet, they did not express their fears to each other. A quarter of an hour was added to the Count's hour, and then, dismissing his servants, took up a little silver bell and rang it with an energy that sent its clear tones through the long, dim corridors. In the meantime, Ludovico, who had usually answered the musical summons, whom he had been called in repeat to the statue of Jean de Boulogne, and if the artist were there, to deliver him a few lines which she had hastily written upon the back of a letter she had received. A few minutes returned in haste. He held a mantle in his hand stained with blood, which he said he had found in the street, and added that he had stumble a few minutes after he left the house. The moment they beheld it the ladies knew it belonged to Ludovico. Julia turned pale. She felt assured that there had been a rencounter between him and Jean, and he had probably fallen by his lover's hand.

Other servants were immediately summoned, and being provided with torches, were sent forth to examine the street where the mantle had been found. In a short time they returned, bearing the body, but of Ludovico, but Jean. The blood was flowing freely from a wound above his temple, saturating his rich and clustering hair, and staining his cheek and neck. He had landed and without waiting for the arrival of the leech, he had been sent for by the Countess and Julia made every effort to restore him to life. As they were chafing his hands and temples, and administering other appropriate remedies, Ludovico rushed into their presence, with his face deadened, his face sealed and torn, and a handkerchief bound round his right hand.

"I have been hard beset," said he, "but have escaped with my life."

"Who has attempted your life?" said the Countess, calmly confronting him.

"Your worthless protege," he replied—but the villain has escaped.

"Is he has escaped death, I think," said the Countess.

Till this moment, the agitation of Ludovico had prevented him from noticing that there was anybody present but himself and the ladies and a number of servants, who grouped round the couch, where Julia was still bending over the young sculptor, concealing him from the view of the entrance of the Countess, they stopped aside and disclosed his pale and lifeless features. He had been so still that he had time to visit his wood Ludovico sought an interview with him, and succeeded in making him fully believe that De Boulogne had attempted his assassinate him and that the wound from which the former was then suffering had been inflicted in self-defence.

In a state of the most angry resentment Count Ludovico left the house of the Countess Faustina, and demanded that De Boulogne should be instantly removed. This the Countess positively refused as long as he was in a dangerous state, and Julia with her life. She also expressed her full belief in his innocence of the crime laid to his charge by Ludovico, and declared that the wound was inflicted in self-defence. Ludovico then left the house, and in a few days returned with a letter from the Count, requesting that the Countess would permit him to take up his abode with her, as he was in a state of health that required constant attendance. This request was complied with, and Jean de Boulogne was removed to the palace of the Count, where he remained for many months, and was treated with the most delicate attention by the Count and his family.

Count Bentiano's first care was to station several men, who, in the sleeping chamber, and directed them to enter the room, the lights were extinguished except one which he placed in a closet communicating with his apartment. He then laid down without undressing. He soon found that his precaution had not been in vain. A little after midnight he heard the key turn in the lock of his chamber door. Soon afterwards the door was softly opened, and he could discern the dim outlines of a man stealing towards his bed. When he had reached its side he turned a dark lantern in such a manner as to throw the light on the face of his intended victim. His next movement was to grasp a stiletto. The bright steel flashed as he threw back the dark lantern, but it had time to descend. Count Bentiano had sprung from the bed, and the assassin was in the custody of the armed men, who, at the right moment had rushed from their place of concealment.

Tell me the name of your employer," said the Count, looking over the wretched culprit.

"Your nephew," was the reply which came reluctantly from his wounded lips.

As he pronounced these words, a sudden figure that a moment before had appeared at the door, darted rapidly away.

"Arrest him," said the Count, "to Ludovico."

Two of the men hastened to obey his orders, but the agile young man eluded the clasping fingers.

The wondrous new broke through the cloud, which to date, had been hovering over the young sculptor, and the very day Count Bentiano sent for him.

"I care you much," said the Count, "and as a slight recompense, I intend to make you an heir to the room of my nephew, though not without you comply with a certain condition."

I shall certainly feel myself bound to comply with any reasonable condition, replied De Boulogne.

"Julia is my favorite," said the Count, opening a door that led into an adjoining apartment. "The condition is," said he, where Julia had entered the room, "that you promise to receive Ludovico's promised bride."

"And can that I shall fulfil with all my heart," replied the artist" if I can obtain her consent."

Julia with a face radiant with tears and smiles, answered by placing her hand within that of the young sculptor.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES Of the Old World.

SCHOENBRUNN—THE VIENNA FOREST—THE DANUBE—LUXURY OF TRAVELLING—AMERICAN SCENERY—THE ALPS —GRÜN—INNSBRUCK—LINZ.

Linz, on the Danube, June 8th, 1845.

We passed out of Vienna in the face of one of the strongest winds it was ever my lot to encounter—it swept across the plain with such force that it was almost impossible to advance, till we got under the lee of a range of hills. About two miles from the barrier we passed Schoenbrunn, the Versailles. It was built by the Empress Maria Theresa, and was the residence of Napoleon in 1809, when Vienna was in the hands of the French. Later in 1830, the Duke of Reichstadt died in the palace in a magnificent garden, at the foot of a hill crowned with rich forests, and crowned with an old gothic ruin, which, I was told, overlooks the palace. The colossal eagle which surmounts it, can be seen a great distance. Adjoining the gardens is a large menagerie, presented to the Emperor by the Sultan.

The lovely valley in which Schoenbrunn lies recurs for the course of the first river Vienna on the heart of that mountain region lying between the Danube and the Danube, and called the Vienna Wood. It was a delightful ride, the valley covered with wood, with here and there a lovely green meadow, and fields of cattle were grazing. When we left the country the hills became bolder, the valley became broader, and we passed several fine villages and country palaces, about one of which I was told some wonderful story connected with the Empress Maria Theresa, and the residence of Napoleon in 1809, when Vienna was in the hands of the French.

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A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We earnestly request subscribers in arrears for the "Post" to remit the amount of their respective subscriptions. This may be done by mail—and small sums of solvent banks will be received in payment. The reduced rate of postage makes the cost formidable item, a compensatory equivalent one, and if subscribers will favor us with prompt remittances, the publication of the "Post" shall not complain, even should they fail to pay the postage on their letters.

We would add that extensive arrangements have been made for sustaining the interest and value of the Evening Post, as a family Journal, and that those who desire a useful and agreeable five-side companion, cannot do better than to send us the names as subscribers. Every person wishing to do so, can enclose his subscription money in a letter, to our address, and where such is not formed, one of their acquaintance can send the money with the necessary directions, in the same manner. Although Post Masters are deprived of the franking privilege, we do not doubt their general willingness to oblige their neighbors and friends, by enclosing money for the Post when requested to do so—the postage, of course, to be paid either by us or by the parties to whose request it is enclosed.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The reader will see that our paper makes its appearance, this week, in an improved form. Owing to the increased beauty of its looks, it will be found less painful to the eyes especially at night; and this is a subject of importance as well to our new and young friends, as to those who have stood by the "Old Post" for the last two and twenty years!

The original story is by Mrs. Orne, a lady whom we shall hereafter rank among our regular contributors. "The Heiromax of Lake Erie," is a thrilling sketch, which we know our readers will re-peruse, even if they have seen it before. On our fourth page will be found a most agreeable variety, where fun, sentiment and poetry amuse and instruct in turn—even chaff, hereafter, bestows great attention in this department of "Tea Post" in order to make it the most choice miscellany to be found in any family journal. The "Wayside Sketch" does not need recommend our friends have discovered before now, that these letters are the best written by any journalist in the United States. In the inside of some extracts furnished by Dr. Durbin, well known to the American public as one of the most able divines in the Methodist Episcopal Church. It must be a dull heart that does not warm at his description of Saint and Bethany!

We are not disposed to give to garrulous talking of ourselves, so we may be pardoned when occasionally we grow egotistical. But we are not going to repeat of what we have written a month ago or what relates to the reader. We have now been the leading family journal of the United States for many by the whole of one generation. we have seen newspapers born, flourish and die—fifteen now out of their ashes and copies—and still others formed on their train; but we have never been sinkers. In all that time a few rivals only have succeeded in establishing themselves permanently, some on the ruins of the novelties of the day have seduced a few of our readers away, but they have returned again speedily, and were after subscribed to the "Old Post." In that term there is something familiar and endearing. What a crowd of associations the name calls up! When a lazy, the paper used to come to our family every Saturday and we still remember the eagerness with which we waited its appearance and the scramble there was sometimes among us youngsters which should get it first. And more—far away in the country—how many sat at the post office for hours waiting the arrival of the stage which brought us the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Now that the winter is setting in and the long easy evenings at hand, a family newspaper, like the "Post," is indispensable to every household. When we have completed the small sum of money for the year, reflect on the luxury it becomes at a fireside, we are astonished, not that our list is so great, but that it does not embrace every family in the United States. If we be without a newspaper is a positive evil. Every family indeed should have one, the country one for local affairs, and a Philadelphia weekly for the literature and news of the great world. We think we can point out that for ourselves, and we are sure that the "great weeklies" will equal the "Post." We shall publish a series of original tales during the coming six months of the "Post," and from a research chiefly domestic and practical, with one or two thrilling tales of the Revolution. Our Congressional news will be furnished in a full and ample hand, and all the other departments of the paper prepared with taste, industry and care.

Those of our readers, who may not have been in the habit of borrowing the paper, cannot do better than subscribe at once to the "Post." Those old friends, who will interest themselves to procure additional subscribers, can reduce the price of their own subscription. We hope to be able to celebrate whenever opportunity affords. And to all and singular, our parting words are, be honest be happy, and—hello the sergeant!

BE POLITE!

Be polite! It is so easy to speak or look pleasantly, as it is to use harsh words or wear a scowling brow. No one ever died by being courteous, and it is said that the great Duke of Marlborough owed his success in battle to his unvarying habit of affability, great as they were. A celebrated lawyer was attributed the fall of Napoleon in part, to the domination of his manner, profoundly polite, ceremonious and harmless during the latter years of his reign. Is common life you daily see the advantage of a kind word, between man and man, and a comfortable. Many a heart burning that has endured terrible might have been avoided by a kind word There you ever last your temper? If so, you know the harsh words you spoke in her, rise up to before you as you knelt to her suffer. Father, you have children! A soft word will soothe the most little tackle, when harsh reproof would make them

Strong as oak. How many friends have been alienated by a single word. How many foes made quarrels, that ended in bloodshed, might have been averted by a soft word. Take care, your tongue sows hatred stones which will yield you bitter fruit. Many an unconsidered remark has made an enemy for life. Many a careless speech has caused have such enemies sit around them. Why is it that your neighbor gets on smoothly in life a friend always arises for him, and he is content and at ease, ed while you struggle on with none to care for you, as you say, the most unsociable thing alive? We can tell you. He has made friends continually by his affable demeanor while you have alienated every body by your uncourteous. Take our advice. Be civil—be kind. You will have no enemies and a perfection; and enjoy a happiness you have yet never known.

A LITTLE EXCITED.

Notwithstanding that Philadelphia is the great literary metropolis of the country some of the New York "intelligencers" especially the penny sheets often, complains that "all the latest" is confined to their city. New Yorkism is well enough in its way. It is a great deal of barking and much less biting, clapping and humming. For fixing a fire do one on the 4th of July or running a man down with an omnibus because he is "fast" they are unsurpassed. But in literary, scientific and musical affairs, it is often sadly defected. Their critics very often find themselves out of time and out of tune, or in words elementary what they want in accompaniment. Here is an instance. The writer is speaking of Leopold De Meyer, a great playing —

This is a name of Continental fame with generous tendencies and grotesque surroundings with the most delicate preconceptions he has been been witnessed. He astonished us by his unfathomable strength and which he knew how to wed with the sentiment that the composer for a moment could not determine whether he was a genius or a lunatic. He now rapped and storming in portions, again he was inspired and rapt in the vision of musical wonder which he created.

INCENDIARY CAUGHT.

A Mrs. Wheeler of Stanford, Conn. accused of incendiary on Sunday week. On rising early she saw a light in a barn near the house. She immediately called her husband who went out and found a man in the act of setting fire to the hay and straw upon the lower floor. In attempting to seize him a scuffle ensued, and Mr. W. was knocked down. In the meantime Mrs. Wheeler came out with a pail of water, extinguished the fire and went

Her husband's aid, the brake the pail over his assailant's head, and after a good deal of exertion the miscreant was secured.

FROM MEXICO.

By the arrival of the steamship Mississippi at Pensacola, with despatches, we have news from Vera Cruz to the 24th of October, and from the city of Mexico to the 17th ult. The general tenor of the intelligence, according to the Washington Union, is favorable to peace. The New Orleans Picayune says:—It appears that the Princeton was not despatched from the American Government, the object of which is to suspend further difficulties, by negotiating a renewal of diplomatic relations between the two countries, or to decide, if that, to commence open hostilities. The despatches received, in return, convey what it probable that amicable relations will soon be restored.

The late French Minister Baron de Cyprey, has had an unpleasant affair in the theatre of the city of Mexico, with one of the officers of the Staff of MIX. The particulars are quite meagre at this time, but the military has had to be called out to protect the sacking of the Baron's house, and protect his person from violence. The Government sent him a note, requesting him to leave the country, as his passports were already made out.

The Government of Mexico is plunging deeper and deeper into difficulties. A powerful party declares for the overthrow of the present administration. They ask not only a change in the Cabinet, but that Gen. Herrera himself should resign and retire to private life. Nonsense, too, is in a state of insurrection.

The Camanches have renewed their incursions into Departments of Durango. They are followed by three distinct routes and in strong force, about the middle of September. They butchered, and plundered, as usual, carrying off numbers of persons, and cattle and horses. Only the end of their ravages were well ascertained, but every day brought news of fresh atrocities. The robbers in hosts were in a state of consternation, and had called upon Government for aid. Troops were ordered out of ports to hold in check the savages. The authorities of the department had exhausted all its means in fitting out forces against the Indians. The Mexicans say the Americans have instigated the Camanches, and furnished them with arms.

The Mexican Government has effected a loan of half a million of dollars from the house of Mackintosh & Co. The terms of the loan have not transpired but it is said whether it is that of the 62 ten million loan.

It was reported at New Orleans, the day after the arrival of the Mississippi was known, that the Mexicans had offered to withdraw their forces from the border by the U. S. Government would withdraw their troops also to retire. They would also forth with pay up the instalments due on the indemnity, and acknowledge the independence of Texas.

CHINESE THIEVES.

The return of the embassy from China has spread a large amount of information before the public respecting the religion, laws, and manners of the celestial empire. The Rev. Dr. Williams of China attracted considerable attention in New York. On our last page will be found some interesting intelligence respecting the Chinese thieves. Mr. Webster states that while in China, the legislation sufficed not a little from thieves. Now the Chinese thieves are even more expert than ours. They strip themselves, oil their persons, fill their hair, the only part by which they can be seized with, change the hides and, this prepared, enter under a room except where there is a light, they overcome the powers of their persons in western dress is white, their compeer points to the south, they put their scarcers on the top of their tongs, says the narrator, that the sun goes round the earth and they know that the earth is flat not round. Parents are rewarded for the virtues of their children, and, indeed, they have every thing peculiar to themselves and of course the habits of the people are different from ours.

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Mr. W. says that one of the Legation in a warm night left the window of his bedroom, which was on the ground floor, open. Awaking in the night he hastened to the window, and by the light that he saw indoors, assured has loaded pistol and his sword, and sallied out to see what was the matter. He found that his Webster states that while in China, the legislation sufficed not a little from thieves. Now the Chinese thieves are even more expert than ours. They strip themselves, oil their persons, fill their hair, the only part by which they can be seized with, change the hides and, this prepared, enter under a room except where there is a light, they overcome the powers of their persons in western dress is white, their compeer points to the south, they put their scarcers on the top of their tongs, says the narrator, that the sun goes round the earth and they know that the earth is flat not round. Parents are rewarded for the virtues of their children, and, indeed, they have every thing peculiar to themselves and of course the habits of the people are different from ours.

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THE COAL REGION.

There never was a period when the coal trade of this State was in a more flourishing condition. The Schuylkill and Lehigh Railroads, with their steam engines, at the mines, have been erected during the present year than during any two preceding ones. It is probable that more than 2,000,000 now been expended in the region during the past year in making improvements of various kinds. At least six hundred new houses for miners have been built, exclusive of those in the large towns. The consequence has been a great increase of activity in trade, and business of every kind has been unusually brisk. During the boating season of next year, says the Inquirer, it is probable that the one thousand tons of coal to market per week—like the trade will steadily increase at the rate of between two and four hundred thousand tons per annum, and the prosperity and business of the region will gradually and steadily increase with it. The Lehigh Coal and Navigation Co. is gratifying news to every Pennsylvanian, for with the increase of our coal trade the prosperity of every branch of our industry will advance. In achieving so desirable a result, more every citizen of the United States must take an interest, for, sooner or later, he will be the sole copy of the ten paying States.

GAMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Mr R H Pease No 59 Broadway. Albany has just published several new games for the holiday evening games for the amusement and instruction of the juvenile portion of community and from which Young children of a higher age will derive much interest and profit. of not useful information. One of his latest and best is a Biographical Journal, and the distinguished Men of America" which we briefly noticed in last week's Post. This game comprises in the most entire a brief summary of the history of the most eminent characters who have made themselves and their country illustrious—from Cotton Mather, in the 17th century, to Andrew Jackson, in the 19th. Jackson, of the 19th. Then we have the "Historical Amusement," a new and entertaining game for the History of England, which is one of the most laughable one of Professor Punch. "What d'ye buy?" We defy the most gloomy misanthrope to look at this game and not laugh heartily. Everything the blues out of him by hearty peals of laughter! The Game is as comic, from beginning to end, as the play itself. The prompter's call "Ring up" is the first. These games will go well for the holidays.

Of Homer No. 185 Chestnut street, is agent for the sale of these games in Philadelphia.

MESMERIZER OUTWITTED.

Every few weeks some new itinerant, professing to be a mesmerizer, appears in this city, and by puffs, and advertises an exhibition. The secret of some of these assemblies are rather ludicrous. The following is a case in point. A man by the name of Lee from the country returning an old and leaky, rugged little fellow presented himself who we at once knew to be a confederate of the mesmerizer. In a short time the boy a arm was extended rapidly, apparently without the power of motion. Can you extend your arm? was the question put to him. He whispered the lad. Now, sir, said the mesmerizer, triumphantly, 'at any rate will defy you to extend your arm.' Lee made the effort, but could not. The lad then whispered to him

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Remember most always to write to the Post Office nearest you as well as to whom the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison county, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin Territory. He will receive subscriptions, in cash or Merchandize, for the Saturday Post, and Dollar Weekly Gazette, and receipt for the same.

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JAMES H. STRAVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our agents in Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Territories, viz: Louisiana, Mississippi, Wisconsin Ill. Wisd. Ill. B. P. Stone, John B. Thomas, Jr. Thomas, Jr. Georgia, Florida and South Carolina.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIKE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription money to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following extracts from the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master when the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person depositing the money, and if he fail to do so, the person depositing may complain to the next Post Master in the Post Office, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is deposited.

The Post Master will whom the money is deposited, is also to give a receipt to the person who pays the money for the purpose, paying the same, and the newspapers or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, is to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the publisher.

The Post Master will then write to the Post Master to whom he has ordered to frank said letter, but he may frank the latter without writing a letter stating the purpose of the deposit of money, to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be taken by the publisher:

Post Office, *Mather, Pa., September 15, 1841.*

Received from *John Mather*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have declared one per cent per cent and charged me with the same; this paid me in my accounts with the Post Master at *Philadelphia*, Pa., and I have written to the same to pay the publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.

Signed, JAMES JORDAN, P. M.

By the same mail an acknowledgement similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

Post Office, *Mather, Pa., September 15, 1841.*

To the Post Master at Philadelphia, Pa.

Sir—I have this day received from *John Mather*, two dollars and twenty-five cents, for which I have given a receipt to the person from whom I received the money, and have credited the same on your account, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.

Signed, JAMES JORDAN Post Master

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, bank notes, in payment or part payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

OBSERVATIONS IN THE EAST, CHIEFLY IN EGYPT, PALESTINE, TURKEY AND MOREA, with a visit to Paris. *By D. Stuart, Author of "Observations in Europe. Lately. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.* 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 1000. *For sale by Stuart.* We opened these volumes, full of the recollections of the "Old Countries," with the expectation that the author would be even more interesting on the new, than on the old countries. Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, once explored observers, and all that he records is eminently worthy of perusal. We know no late book of travels in so valuable a form. The information is abundant, and we notice many sound observations. But we cannot admire the tone of many passages. Whether the lands of our mother, Egypt, Syria and Palestine be under "Christian" dominion, or "Moslem" dominion, they are filled with numerous maps and engravings.

A pictorial history of the United States, by Charles Jac. of Dr. Dunbar. Though wrong attached to the name, he has an enlarged charity for those who differ from him, and, over the "Old Guard," he sheds a mild lustre with the torch of others worshipping after the manner of their fathers. He endeavored, in the preparation of the work, to "Vermont, &c. &c. Whig," and "Democratic Delaware," are the great parties of the country, and that diligence to be assisted by talented legends or false reports. He is, on the contrary, a clear, acute, and honest historian. He has not, however, the graphic power of the renowned opera in Paradise. He differs for instance, from the eccentric genius on the Mississippi, in the style discovered in the course of the cave shown in Indiana as the place of the Mound Builders. Some exercise this book, a somber colours, will qualify the reader and to form a just view of the history of our country.

NEARY PICTORIAL MAGAZINE.—The November and December Numbers of this work have just come to hand. They contain much to please the lover of romantic and useful family work, it gives the public subjects, scenes, places and persons, of our own and other lands. The first work in the family is given. One page is more on the Prospectus, and the contents are a rich treat to the lover of entertaining and useful reading. The reading matter descriptive of the Plates, is written with ability and shows the Conductor of the work to be one of the great variety of interesting matter presented, it can not fail to be a valuable acquisition to the family circle. The editor says:—"Like those already before the public, the new volume of PEARY FAMILY MAGAZINE for 1842, will be made emphatically a work for the people. Other engravings in each number. It will embrace as it has in all former, Original Tales, Historical Sketches, Biography, Chemistry, Botany, Architecture, Machinery, Agriculture, Astronomy, Biography, Arts, &c. &c. The whole number of engravings to the conclusion of the volume will amount to between one and two thousand.

We perceive that MR. PEARY offers to give a copy of his "PICTORIAL" for the Saturday Post, for $1 50 per annum," a handsome volume of 192 pages, with 192 Engravings in it, for $1 50 per annum, or $2 50 for the two, the usual rate, which is the subscription price of the Magazine alone. The SATURDAY POST can be mailed, under the new Postage Law, at 52½ cents per annum, or the two weekly sheets for $2 per annum.—R. Sears, 128 Nassau street, N. Y.

THE ORAL. *A Pure Gift to the Holy Dove.* 1841. *Edited by T. S. Arthur and Mrs. Virginia F. Townsend Chapman. New York: A. C. Hoite, 122 Fulton street.* This is the only religious annual for 1841 which is entirely original. It contains a fine steel engraving, and also numerous wood cuts. The literary matter is of a high order of merit. Neither insults nor expense have been spared in getting up the book. The typographical arrangements, from designs by Chapman, and the binding is from the best material and workmanship. The binding is elegant and substantial. An Annual for 1841 is superior to typographical execution. Altogether we regard the "Opal" as the most beautiful Annual for the present year. We have the preference over the English Annuals at least.

The engravings come in number and variety, and are of high excellence. The vignette is very beautiful.—"Rebekah" is an engraving of unusual merit. "Ruth Gleaning" is finely and boldly conceived. We notice engravings of different styles, and of considerable merit, in "The Golden Cup," by Mrs. Jane L. Stuart; "The Dumb Boy," by Mrs. Emma C. Embury; "Scenes in the Desert," by Anna C. Leach, and "Love Rewarded," by Anna C. Lee. These are very well written, the other contributions we have not had time to examine. The binding of "The Opal" is from the preference over the English Annuals at least.

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This is the third year for which the "Opal" has been published. It has already become known to the public, the present one deserves to be truly so. We cordially recommend it to the religious community.

THE HISTORICAL ENGRAVINGS, *contained under the title of "Die Aus D'Under Historiques," and Narratives of the Mountaineer Rev. or Pastors of the Fresh Country.* With an original Introduction, by *Rev. Timothy Flint. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* 1841. The French historians are certainly more than equal to the Germans in narration than the English ones: we are reminded of the style of the celebrated Count Segur, and Froissart. In the present volume there is an interesting historical fiction, combined with the most exact historical fidelity. The Historical Engravings contained in this volume—The Conquest of England by the Normans.—The Great Men of Cromwell's Rebellion."—The Revolution of 1688."—&c. &c. The narrative of the Mountaineer Rev. or Pastors of the Fresh Country, is a series of French history, possessing from such a succession of lively and brilliant pictures, as to be extremely interesting, and it difficult to lay down the book unfinished, after having once taken it up. The work is printed in the style of the British Reviews, issued by the same enterprising publishers.

MARRYAT'S OCEANIC MANY. *No. 3. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia, London & Edinburgh.* This number contains maps of Pennsylvania, Illinois, California and North Carolina, engraved plainly to order, from the latest and most accurate data. We have spoken of the merits of this work before.

MUSIC. *Judkin's Chimes, Quadrilles and Rainbow Mazourkas. Peters & Co., New York and Philadelphia.* Both of these pieces are get up well the Quadrilles especially.

AN ATLAS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY. *Presenting, in a chronological series, the Rise, Progress, Revolutions, Decline and Fall of the principal States and Empires of the world. For the use of schools and families. By J. W. Tyson, A. B., Philadelphia: S. Augustus Mitchell.* 1841.—This is a new work, issued, and to stand in the same relation and occupy the same place in the study of History, which Maps do in the study of Geography. The arrangement is clear and compact, and we should think the Atlas would afford great facility to children in the study of History. The mechanical execution is considered form, the details of the most important events of History, with short biographies of numerous characters, and the age and country in which they lived. We are surprised to find, in looking over this Atlas, how much of our long forgotten historical knowledge has been cast back to the memory: the compact notes bringing out and full clear details, as a map recalls the features of a country through which we have once passed.

THE HOME, by ARTHUR'S. *Gem, for 1841. Edited by Emily Marshall. Philadelphia: T. S. Arthur.* This is a charming little annual for young folks. The embellishments are handsome engravings from steel, two in number, and admirably selected. The frontispiece, "Cottage Children," is perhaps the gem of all the "Little Gift Gleaner" is also a beautiful picture. The contributions, in prose and verse, are excellent. Among the prose is "Mr. Shaw's Call," "Maxims and Observations," and the story of "Walter Rosedale," are particularly interesting. Of the poems we must not speak in detail, for all of them are good. Indeed the editor has exhibited a rare talent in preparing "The Home," and it must be a source to her not to remunerated this annual as one of the very best, though not perhaps one of the most pretentious.

THE LONDON MUSICAL STUDENT. *Second Series. Day's Pianist. Wall Illustrations by Leech. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* Everything in this book is engravings, letter press and etchings—is of the modern school, and is executed in the highest style of the art.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER. *By Ellen Pickering, of Vevay & Co., New York and Philadelphia.* Here is a work of Miss Pickering's very readable indeed, gets up in the usual excellent style of Messrs. Vevay & Co.

Foreign Varieties.

☞ The Basle Gazette publishes intelligence of the slipping of a mountain in the Grigons on the 9th inst. The village of Melchsee-Frutt was buried under an entire forest of young trees. On the 14th another catastrophe of the same nature occurred—upwards of 100 acres of land were rolled into the valley, the inhabitants of which fled in the greatest consternation. The damage done is estimated at 100,000 francs.

☞ The King of Prussia has given directions for the purchase of the houses of the two refugees—Hoffman and Meidinger—which are to be pulled down, and on their site schools. His Majesty has also commanded that the doors of Luther's dwelling, which has been half in a great measure destroyed, should be replaced. They will be of metal richly embellished.

☞ The Duke of Wellington has issued a general order to the British army, prohibiting the formation of Temperance societies in any of the regiments under his command. Such societies at all. Indeed the thought that societies of this sort have the effect of forming habits of sobriety, and that the degree of its spreading disaffection and sedition among the men.

☞ The Duke d'Aumale, one of the French King's sons, has gone to Algiers to join the army there, to take part in the war, which is now to be of the greatest interest as well as conquest.

☞ The British Navy, on the 11th ultimo had in effective service, 38 steamers, carrying 370 guns and 1273 sailing vessels carrying 3,702 guns. Of these 1273 sailing vessels 1 was of the line.

☞ The rate of brewages all along the west coast of Ireland is so intensely abundant, that the potato ground produce will at sufficient quantity to raise them.

☞ The Duke of Buccleugh has closed Mosiner Abbey to the public in consequence of the chopping and defacing practised by actors and dashcart tourists.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ The Emperor of China has issued an edict in which he declares that the toleration of the Christian religion from his dominions, but means to punish with rigor those who make that religion a cloak to cover their criminal designs. He has also not prohibit the building of Christian churches at the five ports open to foreign trade, but that the native Christians against introducing their tenets among his people.

☞ Days of Thanksgiving have been appointed in the following States:

Barbados	Nov. 6	Massachusetts	Nov. 25
Jamaica	Nov. 20	Connecticut	Nov. 25
Kentucky	Nov. 25	N. Hampshire	Nov. 25
Virginia	Nov. 25	Vermont	Nov. 25
Pennsylvania	Nov. 25	Maine,	Dec. 4
New Jersey	Nov. 25	New Jersey	
Rhode Island	Nov. 25		

Casualties.

☞ The Shawanetown Gazette states that all the persons who were lost by the recent collision of the steamboats Lady Madison and Plymouth, on the Ohio river, were drowned or scalded to death.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Bascom, of Kentucky, has left Louisville, in consequence of the chopping and defacing practised by actors and dashcart tourists.

☞ A few days since, as the steamboat Andrew Jackson was passing the mouth of White River, on her way up from New Orleans, she struck a snag, which passed up through her guard and the cabin floor, and entered the cabin of the boat, killing one of the passengers. The lady was asleep in her berth at the time the accident occurred, and was not aware of the circumstance until she awoke in the morning and found the dead body of the passenger lying by her side.

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☞ A most distressing accident occurred at the village of Valatie, Columbia County New York, a few days since. The daughter of Mr. Lorina Bunn of that place, while attending her loom at one of the factories in that village, had the hair of her head entangled in the machinery. The entire scalp was torn from her head, and as low as the last eyebrow, which, with the hair, came off her head in one entire piece. Dr. Marsh, who was called in to attend the afflicted girl, has but faint hopes of her recovery. A similar accident happened at a mill in the village a few days ago.

☞ The Wheeling Argus states that a few days since, a deforming accident occurred at that Archer county, in which a German was seriously injured, causing, it is supposed, the loss of his eyes and his life. A large quantity of liquid spirits of turpentine was accidentally turned into a puddle or water, which caused an explosion, scattering portions of it among those standing by. Among the rest was a German, who literally covered him with fire, loosing his hair, eyes and clothes.

☞ On the 30th of November, were two men named Richard Keep and Thomas Reed, employed at the Rolling Mill of Bissell & Semple, in Allegheny City, were severely burned by the overturning of a melted iron, which poured over them, but their lives were not destroyed of. They are still lying very low, but it is thought they will recover. The mill probably lose his eyesight. They are both married men.

☞ The Lancaster Union says that a young lady in the neighborhood of Hershey, while returning from Mt. Daniel Letterer on Paradise, where she had been spending the evening, was thrown from her horse and struck her head against a stone with such violence as to fracture her skull, causing her death in a few hours after.

☞ At a hustle race over the Beacon course between Mr. Browning the proprietor of the course was thrown from his horse and so severely injured that he died on Thursday morning. He was insensible from the moment of the accident.

☞ Two children, one aged three and the other two years, a son and daughter of the Rev Isaac Hunt, pastor of the M. E. church of Little Falls, were suffocated at the residence of their parents on Thursday week. The fire which caused their death took in a clothes press which stood near the children's bed, and although speedily subdued, the recovery of the children was in vain.

☞ A little boy about four years of age, son of Mrs. *Baldwin*, of Brooklyn, fell from the third story window on the premises, one day last week, and in breaking to say, not a bone in his body was broken. He was at course considerably bruised, and injured somewhat internally. He child is doing well.

☞ The cotton factory at the Scull Shoals, in Greene county was entirely consumed by fire on the night of the 5th inst. together with some goods and yarn. The books, notes, and money of the company were saved. The loss is estimated at between forty and sixty thousand dollars.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Parisian Fashions—Alarm of the Manufacturers and Merchants at the Railway Mania—Great Demand for Buildings—A Singular Will—The Poor Sympathize with the Poor—Commercial Statistics —Scenes of Continental Europe—Phrenology—Genius—Scarcity of Laborers—The Husband of Five Wives—Miscellaneous.

Bristol, England, October 17, 1841.

I dare say your fair readers are fond of reading all about the fashions, and as I have an opportunity of procuring some account of the latest from a lady of classically eminence it. The correspondent of a fashionable says—Amazonian robes in rich and heavy silks, made close folding ladies, though not of long, very full in the skirt and the waist extremely tight. The cravat is pointed, and sometimes has a small frill all round. It is fastened in front with the handsome cordage of velvet the color of the robe, some are buttoned up to the throat, but a new fashion is introduced to display a lace frill underneath. Others show a chemisette and cravat. The prevailing color is a dark green. The effect of this dress, however, is rather severe. Some dresses of rich moiré antique or mantilettes lace appeared, with a triple cape, each edge trimmed with fringe of the same color. These are tight over the shoulders, and the lowest cape reaches lower than the elbow and nearly touches the wrists. Sleeves for the promenade are very simple, loose at ribbon of the same color as the bonnet, and a few with plumes or feathers. The fashionable colors for the coming season are serious, and not so shaded and glaring as have hitherto been the fashion. Trimmings are fashioned, and dresses are fastened and ornamented with large shaded spots, which have a good effect. Flounces in basket stitch, narrower, and other antique modes are again adopted. For evening a Polonaise in moiré, worn, made of rainbows or velvet of a dark green color, is much in favor. For dinner dresses of satin with rich flounces of black lace placed at equal distances, except that the top flounce is about 4 inches narrower at the point of the corsage and falls in festoon 30 of it reaches the lowest flounce. A rich novelty is a yellow satin with blue luxurious lined with white, and a white satin with blue. At this time without any seam on the shoulders or down the arm is not grounded. But it may be repeated that the style is generally for full and winter dress is not decided elegant and graceful is formerly but somewhat severe in its character. It imparts saying that the ales of gaiety of sentiment.

I have already said much about the railroad mania in England and to such a pitch, and with such force has it raged, that many of the wholesale houses in London and Manchester have begun to look about, seeing that an unusual proportion of their customers are drawn into the excitement. I had almost said something worse and are supposed to be in a measure neglecting their business. Many houses are taking effectual means to stop any indulgence in the prevailing mania, on the part of their clerks, and have announced the day of January, 1842, as a total trade is a railway share speculation—and if they fail to notice to close their accounts, and they trust him no more. Surely this policy is a most wise one, and if adopted in no more cases out of ten, the number of the creditors is indeed, and not that of the retailer.

Among the various indications of the prosperity of the country, the most striking is the great and increasing demand for houses in all parts of the kingdom—prices having advanced from 30 to 50 per from within the last twelve months. Indeed, the contracts for more than can be supplied during the next twelvemonth.

A singular character died a few days since at Highmoor—Mr. George Stagell, a member of the Society of Friends. He was a man of great wealth and many and his corpse are a total loss. The loss was not "clear through," and must almost immediately be repaired. The loss of the passengers will be but many of them to jump overboard in their night. It is supposed that twenty-five or thirty were lost. The whole family is gone. One person was thrown ashore on the Kentucky side, and was taken care of by the humane inhabitants. The clerk jumped on board and got his family off. The deck passengers who were saved (some thirty or forty in number) lost all their property.

☞ A few days since, as the steamboat Andrew Jackson was passing the mouth of White River, on her way up from New Orleans, she struck a snag, which passed up through her guard and the cabin floor, and entered the cabin of the boat, killing one of the passengers. The lady was asleep in her berth at the time the accident occurred, and was not aware of the circumstance until she awoke in the morning and found the dead body of the passenger lying by her side.

☞ The deaths last week were 1,000 in London. Of these 1,000 deaths 1,000 were of persons who died of consumption.

☞ The Pittsburg Journal of Tuesday says—It is nearly seven months since the occurrence of the last murder committed in this city, and for the credit of the city, the sad burst district is nearly covered with new and handsome structures and not the last of the year will be completed. The number of buildings erected during the year 1841 is 200, and the number will be about 250.

☞ The Toronto has arrived at New York from London, having on board the messages to Lord Ashburton. She brings the intelligence of an absence of several days, with a fortune. The loans, tigers, bears and hyenas were made object of attraction. The Ashburton party left for the Adirondack trip, for they had considerable difficulty in getting from on board.

☞ A few days since, in the recent session of the U. S. Court, held in Albany, a man named Mantle, recovered $1,700 of the Troy and Saratoga Railroad Company, for damages done to his property, situated between the cars, which made him a cripple for life. Mantle was a boy at the time of the injury, and after he regained the strength, which he would not accept.

☞ The opening of the old Colony Railroad between Boston and Plymouth, will take place to-day, and will be celebrated by the Bostonians with great eclat. Among the celebrations some of Pendleton Adams, Daniel Webster, Judge Davis, and many those of four hundred more distinguished citizens.

☞ The Southern What published at Albany, contains the intelligence that Mr. Wm. Pinkerton had just been murdered in Oglethorpe county, by a traveling German, who after having killed him, robbed and ran. He was, how, soon subsequently apprehended.

☞ David G. Tod, Esq. one of the oldest and wealthy citizens of Cincinnati, committed suicide on Wednesday week, by shooting himself through the head with a pistol. Cause: Temporary derangement of mind produced by pecuniary embarrassments.

☞ The city of Frederick, Md. has completed its works for increasing the supply of water, and is now abundantly furnished with that indispensable element, pure, cool and of the best quality derived from the neighboring mountains of Hagerstown.

☞ The "Sandy Hook—Jolly Point," which left Baltimore a considerable time ago, has not since been heard from and fears are entertained that she has been lost, with all hands on board, amounting to some eight or nine souls.

☞ Several merchants arrived at St. Louis on the 20th ult. from Santa Fe, after a very short trip having only been twenty-three days from that place to Independence. They brought with them some fifty thousand dollars in specie and two wagons full; they had no political news. Another company is expected out in a few days.

☞ The Dahlonega (Ga.) Watchman, of the 30th ult. says—"We are informed by Col. Samuel Jones, at Gilmer county, that one day of the last week, a gold lump was found on the Powell mine, in that county, weighing 222 dwts. and 12 grains; for which he himself had offered, and was refused, the sum of $300.

☞ The editor of the Caddo Gazette apologizes for the neglect of his editorial columns by frankly stating that he has been busily engaged in getting married. His lady readers will doubtless find his excuse all sufficient.

☞ The Treasurer of the Richmond and Petersburg Va. Railroad Company, have adopted a table of reduced rates of travel on that road, which is to go into effect on the 1st of November.

☞ The population of Rochester of the late Mario A. Beckwith, who was fatally murdered on Boston, near the south on Friday week, and possessed certain lands in the city of Rochester.

☞ The Merchant's Bank of Macon, Ga., was entered on the night of the 1st inst., and robbed of $2,000 in specie and bank notes. The robbers are two colored men, who have been caught.

☞ The postage received in Albany for the month of October, 1840, was $1,020; October 1841 it was $1,600; an increase of only $580.00.

☞ Gen. Charles Cavellier, a distinguished citizen of New Orleans, died on that city on the 1st inst.

Items of News.

☞ Miss Mary G. Brown, daughter of Burrell Brown of Scituate, R. I., threw herself into the Wyoming Pond, on Wednesday morning, about 8 o'clock, and was drowned. The unfortunate young lady, it is supposed, was in a state of insanity.

☞ The ship Shakspeare, Captain Sone, arrived at New Orleans on the 31st ult., in the remarkably short passage of eight days from New York to the Balize. This is said to be the quickest passage on record.

☞ It is proposed in New York, to relieve crowded streets from the multiplicity of vehicles, by having a railway constructed upon poles. Here a similar plan has been carried into effect on London.

☞ A man named William Wilkinson, was found dead near Monroe, Pa., a few days ago. He had been drinking and was exposed during the night to severe cold.

☞ The small-pox it is stated is causing some alarm in Pittsburg. The Post calls upon the city authorities to take measures to stay its further spread.

☞ The Magnetic Telegraph, between Buffalo and Lockport is in operation, and the foreign news was received in Lockport about as soon as in Buffalo.

☞ Mr. Andrew Snyder, a soldier at the Revolutionary War, died at Intercourse, in Lancaster Co., Pa., on the 1st inst., in the 113th year of his age.

☞ The journey from Charleston to New Orleans, a thousand miles, is now performed in five days. The expense is less than $50.

☞ Charles Freeman, the celebrated American giant, died recently at Hull, aged 22 years. His height was 8 feet 2 inches, and weight 500 lbs. He had been exhibited all over the public hospitals of London.

☞ A line of stages to Oregon is contemplated—very pleasant summer trip.

☞ Snow lay at Utica, N. Y., on Sunday morning last, three inches deep.

AN IMPORTANT CURE BY DR JAYNES ALTERATIVE.

We have been informed by Mrs. Mahan, (a grandlaughter of Daniel Boone,) that she and her family, a number of years from the county of a large Ohio River, were severely ill, besides great distress from both a difficulty of deglutition, and of breathing. Indeed, she says that the symptoms of the disease, which was evidently a consumption, were so alarming, that the utmost efforts of human aid proved unavailable. She also informed us that under serious consideration from Lower Compton and Jamaica, with a horrible train of nervous affections, for which she was regularly for six or seven weeks, with which she was regularly for six or seven weeks, with no benefit whatever. At last her Pills, and her general health completely re-established, and now enjoys the blessing of perfect health. She also informed us that many acquaintances of hers in the vicinity of Jamaica, were under the same treatment from Dr. Jaynes' Alterative, and were similarly benefited. Such a cure as this is certainly worthy of the most serious consideration from Lower Compton and Jamaica, with a horrible train of nervous affections, for

From the Magazines.

SAY NOT THE DEAD ARE DEAD.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

Say not the dead are *dead*, because they sleep
Where Nimbi sport along the ocean-wave,
And Memory tells in recision loud and deep
Mid the hoarse sighing of the wind-tossed wave,
When naught can reach them in their darkness, save
The Death-paled messenger who rules to-day
In the deep mysteries of his coral grave,
But sends no tidings from the refathomed breast
Of loved and lovely ones that go the send unrest.

Say not the dead are *dead*, because they lie
Beneath the shadow of some hallowed urn—
Only the form thus drops and dies—
While round their names our thoughts immortal burn
Like spirit-fires that light the wide-wrecked verge
Down the dim paths of absence, and recall
Back to our sighing spheres our love to learn!
They are not dead! Their memories on us fall
Like rabbi harmonies of lethargic musical

Who are the dead? Not they who safely fight
In the soul-battle of a righteous aim—
Who utter Truth, regarding only Right,
Defying Wrong, well-mooring threatened Shame,
When Power or changing Public Will proclaim
Corrupt Opinion; they who firm abide.

Outlive the storm, the talk, the master's flame—
For witnesses are saying their graves beside
Resounding, trumpet-tongued what they have prophesied.

They are not dead who in our human soul
Have given one leaf of mother-form age to age
They live unseen: though no revealing scroll
Emblazons forth on its outlying page.
In bright companionship with seer or sage,
Their lesser-soul name; the number of her son,
Whose final kneel-worshippings have been engage—
The humble peasant, when the day is done,
Touching the smiling child whose race has just begun.

They are not dead who swept the golden lyre,
And rolled their numbers down the path of time—
Who caught a gist of their happiness fire
Which burned around and filled the epicentre
With the bright flashings of its light sublime:
They are not dead because their tongues are still,
Clustering deep her head in their bosom—
We hold communion now, if we but will,
And bringing theory hearts can call images till.

Some die in love! Keeping all their days,
Obscurely lone, unfanned by Fortune's breeze,
They see Unworldliness everlasting with praise,
While Merit bends her all-inquiring knee.

Yet trust they so, and Hope's sweet promise sent,
Looking to morrow for life they need;
They die with Hope just touching on the future,
Which Fame at twelve turns, and Glory's meed
Records their names on scrolls immortal as their deed.

He lives who dies bequeathing works that tell
That he has been—who to Wills his view,
That though no dazzling deeds his process swell
He yet may find a holy resting place
In the fond heart's remembrance—there to trace
The lasting record of a native power,
Impressing still the perfume of its grace:
He who thus lives, when Death's dim shadows lower,
Shall win eternal life in that remembering hour.

Gloria Purifer May, for Nov.

Tales of the West.

ORIGIN OF THE BUFFALOES.
A Legend of the Sioux.

In the evening of a beautiful day, we sound ourselves some two hundred miles above Prairie du Chien, which may be considered the utmost limit of Northern civilization; our boat has now entered the upper end of an expansion of the Mississippi called Lake Pepin, on the right bank of the stream, where a new Indian had passed the them the upstalls. tom of the Red Wing's Village.

A short distance south of the village, and rising almost from the water's edge, stands a steep hill, high and steep, as if it had been erected for a collossal pattern of a loaf of sugar on its top, which is a circular level of some thirty yards diameter, we were told the Indians had their burial ground, curiously, and the want of exercise, rolled me to undertake its ascent; by dint of hard scrambling and the aid of our Indian guide Israel, we at length did so; I was simply repaid in the toil and trouble, by the sight which greeted my eyes, as I stood upon that hill top in that maiden time-land. As far as every direction, existing wood, and stream, lay around me, with the exception of the boat, and the rough dwellings which surrounded the village at my feet, and the scattering who stood beside me there was no sign of the abodes of man, no evidence of civilization; there was caught a few hundreds snipers, or driving a mighty river, which I could trace in its windings for fifty miles north and south of me. My companion directed my attention to the west, where, in the distance, I could discern what seemed to be a square mass of rocks, but which had the appearance of an enormous temple. "Is those rocks," said my dusky friend who was loquacious for an Indian, "is those rocks where it rains heavy, from a tradition handed down through our tribe, goes by the name of the House of the Buffalo Man. If you will get me some sugar, coffee and water, I will go down, I will tell you the tale. I promised that the tobacco and rum should be forthcoming, and telling myself upon a fragment of a rock and requesting him to take a seat beside me, I bade him, if he had a tale to tell to tell it.

Eighteen times had Indian belief the sun down to rare their foliage, and the flowers open, blushing, to her hand; yet was as lost and gentleness as her eyes, sparkle and beautiful as the long fawn, she was welcome in every wigwam—for that is our tasteful language she called the beloved of all the tribe. Care had never drawn the bloom from her cheek, and sorrow had never come to dim the tenderest language her soul might express. Of the Good Manitou had given her in watch to his angels to guard her from the spirits of the Evil Manitou, and her life might be happy, and her soul be well welcome in the island of the Blest.

Tughannoe was a young warrior—tall and straight as the oak, fleet as the antelope—unerring as and he knew that he had never turned his back to an enemy, many a scalp of his enemies had drawn a trophy, raised from the hear and the ear where they set his wigwam, and adorned his person in war and at the chase. But Tughannoe, brave and strong as he was, could not conquer love; before the bright fawn had surmounted the screen of the fox than there which would turn from the gazing of the sun down to been his playmate in childhood—had vowed with him in the heart cause, over the blue tide—her he had gathered the purest flowers—her he had caught and tamed the young fawn of brilliant plumage and shun, by he was to be ranged for the pursuit of manhood, that he might vie with the exemtion of his tribe, and hunt the elk and the bear —so was that he might lay his trophies and renown at the feet of the beautiful and fairest flower. He was skilled by and manhood, and strength, and glory came to Tughannoe but only there came not to the love of Lone Star. Before his eighteenth summer had changed the beauty of her heart, nor did her hand consider to him—love and youth to the daughter seen, more than was usual, when at last the gaze of his, and sorrow was in the breast of Tughannoe when, at last, he found that the maiden had at the not need, and sadness like a cloud rested upon his brow.

But Tughannoe was modest, and though he knew that Lone did not love him, he dared not that she should love not his sire, and therefore watch, and her with the valiant now by a bone. He had observed that the silent rambles alone in the forest at the sunrise evenings, and suspecting that there was some secret to be known, he determined to follow her, and, at least, wear was his fortitude tried. Cautious in keeping in the best of the tree concealed by the forest, whose in a thick cluster of bushes he noted every and he could observe the motions of a view of the speakers, he made a slight noise—it was unseen cause, and the next instant he heard the rustling of dress, and saw the form of Lone Star, as an enormous animal, which shook the earth, rattling through the bushes, he heard a mighty buffalo fleeing with the speed of the wind, and on the back fearlessly, like a warrior, sat her long-loved, but now hostile lover, Lone" had not succeeded. Tughannoe restrained his wrath, and waiting for the time he had withdrawn—the tremendous animal which had run away with Lone—adding that he thought it must have been the Evil Manitou who had her unfortunately for Tughannoe his duty was for marvellous—he left the Chief, and returned, and he said he had declared that if Lone did not consent to wed him, he should be slain by his nearest kinsman as guilty of her murder. The moon rose, and he—no Lone came, and Tughannoe was led out to die. His eye quailed not, nor did he know treason, his fall like a brave man, he stood to meet his death. The bow was strung—the arrow fitted to the string—and the eye of the avenger of blood was ready to glance along it to deadly aim, when the strange and wonderful animal, with its lovely rider bounded from the forest—darted through the crowd, which swayed from it in terror—and was lost again from their astonished sight, in the shades of the leafy solitudes. For a moment, the crowd stood speechless and dismayed—and then, as if with one accord, Tughannoe and the other bearer of the bribe started in pursuit. Over hill and dale, through woods and across waters, on they dashed in the trail of the wonderful beast. Late, and the desire of revenge, waged the fast of Tughannoe upon with a heroism of bones, but this probably is the effect of a diseased imagination, rather than of the destruction of which we have been frequently to the draught of 1837 to 1835, a very rainy season followed, which caused great floods. Then it is almost certain that some thousands of the skeletons were buried by the deposits of the very next year. What would be the opinion of a geologist, viewing such an enormous collection of bones, of all kinds of animals and of all ages, thus embedded in one thick earthly mass? Would he not attribute it to that human beings destroyed by jealousy. Tughannoe drew near, until he beat over the prostrate forms of the slumberers, and raising over his spear, he plunged it deeply into the heart of his unknown and innocent rival. Below with a shriek, sprang to her feet—but what was the consternation of both, as they beheld only a drop of blood that welled from the bosom of the unknown, transformed into an animal like that which had borne Hahre, and as each, too frightened to flee from the scene, fell a mighty herd was rushing through the forest, shaking the earth with the thunder of their tread—at length, the bleeding slowly ceased, and gradually changing its shape, it became a mightier than the rest, which had been formed of those toasts were, so to speak, buttered, we believe that they were not accustomed to the description of meat which is "usually given" at tea. On the health of Soochong being proposed—

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Ladies' Boudoir.

FLOWERS.—What is the use of flowers? exclaims a thrifty housewife, scarcely a shilling can buy for—roses. What is the use of bright flowers, say we in reply, or of any for-rose at all? could you not make that the use of flowers, which makes you quite so scarce? What's the use of handsome babies—little and full opposite? one would be as well as the appearance of a dusty high road. This is a sad, sad, sad topic—the total extinction of the species of Roman Ayres, and the southern part of it to Fe. Very great numbers of birds will assuredly be killed, and many hundred lives will be lost in the shrubs and pig wood, what do you infer of its extinction? And what will have gone with it? The cabin, where the sower bear is carefully trained around the door while veils of morning dews and of sunlight beam shaded the wanderer, did you not immediately think of the dwellers there, as neat, cheerful and agreeable?

This is more especially the case as regard to the homes of the poor. The credit of the rich man's grounds may belong to his gardener—but they who have the gardener, and whose wives have the early springs out of moments stolen from unwearay labor, possess a genuine and interesting sense. Low cattle even brought in vessels for the consumption of the inhabitants. The animals generally are tame and sociable, and wandering in small-eyed, were mingled together in such confidence, that a government stranger would have supposed them to be long fed by the disposer of the owners. So Woodlow Parish informed him of cavities and very curious matter of fact. Some of the animals had so long fed and had got the courage to speak to him—I actually trembled with horror and dread. But a little ask, and looked right up in his face, and said,—Father don't speak so. God hears all we say; you don't speak so, father! She uttered these few words with such tender earnestness, and such loving gentleness that her feeble, trembling voice touched the heart of the angry man, and he was silent for a moment, and then he said,—I will do any thing that child tells me to do for she's an angel." His fierce nature was softened, gentleness and love had made him little girl one of God's ministering angels to her wicked father.

FALL FASHIONS.

The London magazines, just received, say that various novelties have appeared in autumnal materials, in silks as well as woollens, the colors and designs suitable to the season. Stamped velvets on pekin or moire ground, will form handsome redingotes. Negligee at this season are more elegantly made than later, as attendant on the toilette of soiree. Velvet is much used in trim the autumnal dresses, rather than of the destruction of which we have been frequently to the draught of 1837 to 1835, a very rainy season followed, which caused great floods. Then it is almost certain that some thousands of the skeletons were buried by the deposits of the very next year. What would be the opinion of a geologist, viewing such an enormous collection of bones, of all kinds of animals and of all ages, thus embedded in one thick earthly mass? Would he not attribute it to that human beings destroyed by jealousy. Tughannoe drew near, until he beat over the prostrate forms of the slumberers, and raising over his spear, he plunged it deeply into the heart of his unknown and innocent rival. Below with a shriek, sprang to her feet—but what was the consternation of both, as they beheld only a drop of blood that welled from the bosom of the unknown, transformed into an animal like that which had borne Hahre, and as each, too frightened to flee from the scene, fell a mighty herd was rushing through the forest, shaking the earth with the thunder of their tread—at length, the bleeding slowly ceased, and gradually changing its shape, it became a mightier than the rest, which had been formed of those toasts were, so to speak, buttered, we believe that they were not accustomed to the description of meat which is "usually given" at tea. On the health of Soochong being proposed—

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Bowl of Punch.

TEA AND TOAST.

One day last week the London Dock Company, at the opening of their new warehouses and docks, gave a party to the Ten dresson of the mercantile interest of London. The "meal" consisted of cold meats, pastry, and, though, no doubt, those toasts were, so to speak, buttered, we believe that they were not accustomed to the description of meat which is "usually given" at tea. On the health of Soochong being proposed—

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EP An honest man is believed without an oath, for his reputation swears for him.

Ladies' Boudoir.

FLOWERS.—What is the use of flowers? exclaims a thrifty housewife, scarcely a shilling can buy for—roses. What is the use of bright flowers, say we in reply, or of any for-rose at all? could you not make that the use of flowers, which makes you quite so scarce? What's the use of handsome babies—little and full opposite? one would be as well as the appearance of a dusty high road. This is a sad, sad, sad topic—the total extinction of the species of Roman Ayres, and the southern part of it to Fe. Very great numbers of birds will assuredly be killed, and many hundred lives will be lost in the shrubs and pig wood, what do you infer of its extinction? And what will have gone with it? The cabin, where the sower bear is carefully trained around the door while veils of morning dews and of sunlight beam shaded the wanderer, did you not immediately think of the dwellers there, as neat, cheerful and agreeable?

This is more especially the case as regard to the homes of the poor. The credit of the rich man's grounds may belong to his gardener—but they who have the gardener, and whose wives have the early springs out of moments stolen from unwearay labor, possess a genuine and interesting sense. Low cattle even brought in vessels for the consumption of the inhabitants. The animals generally are tame and sociable, and wandering be small-eyed, were mingled together in such confidence, that a government stranger would have supposed them to be long fed by the disposer of the owners. So Woodlow Parish informed him of cavities and very curious matter of fact. Some of the animals had so long fed and had got the courage to speak to him—I actually trembled with horror and dread. But a little ask, and looked right up in his face, and said,—Father don't speak so. God hears all we say; you don't speak so, father! She uttered these few words with such tender earnestness, and such loving gentleness that her feeble, trembling voice touched the heart of the angry man, and he was silent for a moment, and then he said,—I will do any thing that child tells me to do for she's an angel." His fierce nature was softened, gentleness and love had made little girl one of God's ministering angels to her wicked father.

FINENESS OF CHARACTER.—Resolution is almost omnipotent. Sheridan was at first timid and obliged to set down in the midst of a speech. Convinced of, and mortified at, the cause of his failure, he said one day to a friend, "it is in me, and shall come out." From that moment he rose and shone, and triumphed in a consummate eloquence. Hens was true and moral courage.—And it was well observed by a celebrated moralist, that it is not because things are difficult that we dare not undertake them. He then held in spirit, and fixed his resolution, he did not fear in the practical pursuit of our high aim, let us never lose sight of it in our slightest actions; what is wrong; and if you ever doubt, be sure you take not the wrong. Observe this rule, and every experience will be to you a means of advancement.

Choice Scraps.

DR. FRANKLIN'S LOAN.

It is said that Dr. Franklin once met with an honest old German, who was in great trouble and distress. The doctor gave him ten dollars, but told him it was best not gross to him. "With industry and perseverance," said he, "you can fail to receive much support, and when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must pay us by lending him ten dollars, and when he gets on, he will do as he shall be able to discharge his debt, by lending to others when he shall meet with the like opportunities."

Now this principle of Dr. Franklin, would work well in many other countries besides Germany.

You are the eldest of several brothers and sisters. In infancy and childhood you were the constant care of your mother—now you are the stay of her declining age. She was by your side when you awoke—she attended to your numerous wants—she dressed your little limbs—she taught you to walk—and caused you instructed you in the right way, and, in short made it her duty to make you good and happy. now do you feel when she has a debt for all this? I will tell you how it is.

You have as I have said, several brothers and sisters younger than yourself. You have assisted to give to each as much care and attention as she used to bestow upon you. But you can be at great ease—you have a little family of your own, and your own children, which will relieve her of much care. You can answer them when they are noisy or fretful. They can obey you when you tell them to do what you can afford. You can be patient with them when they are ungrateful, and you can feel no wonder if you find a daughter or sons a son must be a nuisance! And what a useful example is the younger children. You can show them how to act towards towards paying the debt you owe your mother.

For every friendly attention, for every kind word spoken, for every fondness shown, for every moment in debt: and when you pay, pay with interest, that is give more than you have received, and let no opportunity pass unimproved, when it is in your power to do good.

Agricultural.

SAVE THE LEAVES.

At this season a great quantity of leaves may be readily gathered in many places. A rake used at the right time will gather them very fast by the sides of buildings and fences. They are excellent food for cattle to lie on, and they are more valuable after they than before. Rake all clean as soon as the harvesting is over, and you will much increase your manure heaps.

A week or two of summer manure is escaped out of the cowyard, leaves, litter, loam, sand, gravel, or peat mud may be spread over the yard. It costs but little to do this than to have it accumulate, and it will prove more useful, for you will be able to improve the texture of your soil if you exercise good judgment in compounding your manures.

Your gravelly manure will suit best your lowest or coldest grounds. Your sandy loads will do best upon your heavy soils. Your peaty stocks succeed best, on your gravelly knolls and sandy fields. It is quite important to consider what you have, and use it to make of your manure at the time when you are gathering the materials to increase your heaps. Do so in such a way you will get the best use out of your soil. You can render it more light and porous, or more compact and retentive of moisture. You can also, if you please, add to the value of materials that you gather to be impregnated by the excrements of animals.

TIME OF PLANTING PEARMS.—We are requested to give the time of planting pear trees. We have not. If planted in the Fall, the stones may get wasted away, or thrown out of the ground, and the mice may get the stones. If planted in the spring, the operations of nature, there will be a failure. Besides, Fall planting prevents the advantage of Spring planting. PEAR STONES should be planted in the Spring, and under the following management.

Any time from taking the seeds from the meat to the time of planting, put the pear seeds in stones ten or twelve inches deep, in a soil not very wet. Let them remain till the ground is dry enough in the Spring and has been ploughed and prepared. Then take the stones and with a quick blow on the side edge crack the stone without injury to the seed. Plant the best seeds about as deep as you would corn, and a seed exactly where you want a tree. Plant the poor seeds in a bed, and you will have a good stock to grow, and from them transplant to fill any vacancies where the best seed was planted.—*Cultivator.*

SWEET POTS, intended for breeders, must not be kept in too high up through the winter. They never multiply half so fast as less cons. By not attending to this rule our best breeds run out, and we are obliged to take our pigs from the pens, because they are poor and not inclined to fatten easily. If we procure a pet pig, or if the very best pig we have, we keep it as well as ordinary cons are fed. She becomes too fat to rear her offspring and we put her into the pen to fatten. Then comes the scanty rakes for shoats than grain of any kind.

If your compost manure intended for grass lands was cut up several times in the Fall, it will be much better for the success in case of dry May. But if it is left in heaps till Spring the frost will remain there till May, and your top dressing will not do half the service, in case of dry May, that it will do if you spread it before winter. The best way is to spread it direct from the cart or wagon when you can upon your team long enough to unload in this way.

Scientific.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

BY J. S. VANTOORIES.

I am composed of seventeen letters

My 1, 5, 13, 14, is a county in Illinois.
My 2, 3, 9, 3, is one of the grand divisions of the globe
My 4, 15, 16, 17, is a river in Europe.
My 5, 15, 11, is a town in Arabia.
My 6, 14, 3, 7, 5, 3, 9, is one of the United States.
My 7, 5, 13, 17, is a river in Egypt.
My 8, 10, 11, 12, is a river in Hindostan.
My 9, 2, 13, 14, 3, 4, 9, 2, 3, 17, is the capital of one of the United States.
My 10, 11, 12, is a lake in Russia.
My 10, 5, 6, 7, 15, 5, is a town in France.
My 11, 12, 13, 17, is a county in Missouri.
My 12, 4, 5, , is a county in Virginia.
My 13, 14, 15, , is a river in Siberia.
My 14, 14, 4, 17, 5, 7, is a town in Arabia.
My 15, 16, 17, is a river in Asiatic Russia.
My 16, 14, 3, 4, 15, 16, is a town in New York.
My 17, 5, 9, 10, is a mountain in Sicily.

My whole is a Literary Institution in Pennsylvania. ANSWER next week.

Our Scrap Book.

DIRGE.

Bring tribute to the dead!
No tears! In life they had enough of weeping
O'er the lone couch of rest where they are sleeping
Do not a true step heed!
Bring tribute unto death!
No regrets wrinkle! Our days are dark with sorrow,
To life's long stern succeeds a tranquil morrow—
Claimeth a brighter wreath!
Bring tribute to the dead!
Bring tribute to the bier!
Hopes that, as yet's existence, they had found,
The hearts that stirred these grief when sorrow blighted,
May upon their endless rest
Bring tribute to the Lord!
The incense from a contrite heart arising
Is thankful praise, devout, unceasing
His holy name and word!
Bring tribute to the dead!
For they are where no sorrow, nor Care more help!
His smile, eternity a bright day spring, slowly
Is their unfailing meed!

ANECDOTE OF AN ELEPHANT.—A friend of ours, applied a few days ago, for boarding, at a house in the city of New York.

"I have room," said the old mousseur. "I shall let you have de room, un de board, for one leetle three dollar a week."

"Very well, I shall come next Monday."

"Vat business you follow?"

"I am a play actor."

"Den, me for you cannot have de room. You play actor have come board via me two, five, seven times dey vish not to pay me. Vat you play?"

"Why, I have got nine or ten animals, which I exhibit and perform with."

"Ah, dat is different. Vat animal you have?"

"Why, I have got a monkey, a dog, and a third-hand—and a celebrated Bohemian gipsy, and demanded an explanation. The lad said that he was the successor to your prime monsieur—the lean rat your peoples, and the blind rat yourself.

A POLITICAL DISEASE.—A gentleman meeting a distinguished jurist among asked—

"What is the matter—are you lame?"

"Yes," replied the other, "I am a little frosted

"Is that all?" said the other, "never mind that—it is nothing to be perplexed at."

A GERMAN priest having, on a dream, seen three rats—one fat, another lean, and a third blind—sent for a celebrated Bohemian gipsy, and demanded an explanation. The lad said that he was the successor to your prime monsieur—the lean rat your peoples, and the blind rat yourself.

A PECULIAR